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THE OBSERVATOR.

The Rejoycings at London *on the Queens Coronation Day. The* Country-mans *Verses on St.* George's *Day. The* Jacks *and* High-Flyers *Discourse of the* Cevennois. *Of the Defeat of the* French *by Prince* Lewis *of* Baden.

From Saturday April the 24th, to Wednesday April the 28th, 1703.

Obs. YOU are late this Bout, Honeſt *Country-man*, I hope you have brought us good Store of News: Open your Budget.

Country-m. Truly, Maſter *Obſervator*, 'Twas not the News detain'd me ſo long this Journey, but I happened to be at *London* on St. *George*'s Day, not that I take any Notice of the Saint of the Day, who fought the Dragon from St. *George*'s Fields in *Southwark* to *Kennington*-Common, where he kill'd the Monſter as dead as a Herring; but that Day is yet more famous, becauſe my Queen was Crowned upon it, and is now with her Prince *George* Battailling the Tyrannical Dragon of *France*, which I hope will expire by the force of her Arms, and then we'll have a Statue Erected to the Memory of her Majeſty, which ſhall laſt longer than the ill-ſhap'd Chappel in *Southwark* built to the Memory of the Virgins *Knight-Errant*. The honeſt People at *London* rejoyc'd mightily on this Occaſion, but the *Jacks* and *High-Flyers* look'd confounded dull on the Buſineſs, and ſuch of them as got into Offices by the Back-door of Intereſt and Money were forc'd to put on ſome Artificial Joy; but thro' the thin Diſguiſe one might eaſily perceive the Treachery of their Countenances, and ſee their Hearts beat a March to St. *Germains*: To tell you the Truth of the Buſineſs, I went with ſome honeſt Folks to the Tavern, where we drank the Queens Health in a plentiful manner, which made my Head ake ſo much this Morning that I could get home no ſooner. I do confeſs I was a little Elevated, I mean I took a Glaſs or two more than Ordinary, which the Company perceiving, they put upon me to make ſome Verſes on the Day: I ſuppoſe they did it to ſee how far Town Brew'd Wine could inſpire a Country Muſe, and to oblige them I made ſome Lines which I'll read to the Company.

[*Flagon*,

St. George *with the help of the Spear and the Spir'd with good Liquor did Murder the Dragon:*
Tho' ſome of his Proweſs and Skill tell a Tale,
We know that the Monſter was kill'd by good Ale;
Had George *but continu'd the Saint of the Nation,*
Till Darby *and* Nottingham *came into Faſhion;*
As the Liquor improv'd, and his Courage encreaſt,
He had ſtept into France *and kill'd* Lewis *the Beaſt.*
From Ale do proceed ſuch Rencounters Divine,
That may not be done by the help of good Wine?
'Tis Wine that gives Nature a Fillip, and Warms
The Blood that is chill'd and excites into Arms:
Makes the Dull to grow Witty, and Youth be reſtor'd
And makes the poor Beggar as great as a Lord:
(great as St. George*) in my Cups now will breath*
Deſtruction on Tories, *and Rhime 'em to Death;*
My Queen with her Diſtaff more Dread than a Spear
Shall knock down each Hydra, each Dragon ſhall tear;
Her Cyclops ſhall Thunderbolts work at their Forge,
To be ſhot from thoſe Caſtles are ſteer'd by her George;
This Day for ever with Honour be Crown'd,
And Anna's *great Fame 'ore the Earth ſhall Reſound:*
Whilſt Jacobites *bilk't and our* High-Flying *Culls*
Seduc'd all by France *are made* April *Fools.*

Obſ. I am glad to hear they are ſo Loyal at *London*, pray God give us many of theſe Days of Rejoycing. A Proteſtant Queen is no ſmall Bleſſing to ſuch a Nation as *England*, in which we have ſo many People and thoſe not the meaneſt, who are Popiſhly enclined, Diſaffected to the Government, and are Enemies to our Conſtitution on which this Government is Built. Prithee what News is there in Town, the Armies are got into the Field early, they'll make a good Summers Work of it, and find Subject enough for the Frequenters of the Goſſipers Clubs, and the Coffee-Houſes.

Country-m. I muſt always give our good Friends the *Cevennois* the Preference, I muſt begin with them always; my Eyes, and the Eyes of all *Europe* are upon theſe People, and I hope the Power of the Almighty will be manifeſt in their Succeſs. We have no new Account of any new Action of theirs, but a Confirmation of the News I brought you laſt Journey, which is very pleaſing: One thing I am much troubled at, relating to theſe People, tho' I hope 'tis not true: I was at a Coffee-Houſe where the *Jacks* and *High-Flyers* keep their Rendezvous; all their Talk was concerning theſe People; and they ſaid that the *French* King could Suppreſs them when ever he pleaſed, and that he himſelf ſtir'd them up to a Rebellion, on purpoſe to draw the Queen of *England* and other Powers to their Aſſiſtance, and then he would catch them all together in a Trap he had laid for that Purpoſe.

Obſ. A very pretty piece of News; did thoſe Fellows relate this as a Dream, or as their Real Apprehenſion of the matter of Fact.

Country-m. They told it with all the Aſſurance imaginable, and ſaid that all this Buſtle in the *Cevennes*, and the Upper and Lower-*Languedoc*, was only a Turn of the *French* Kings Policy.

Obſ. A very pretty Turn indeed, which is likely to turn him out of his Dominions, which muſt be the effect of this Inſurrection, if thoſe Brave Men have any Relief. If he deſign'd this as a Bait to catch the Proteſtants, he has made a Fine Kettle of Fiſh on't. He has indeed caught a *Tartar*, and has made uſe of *Iriſh* Politicks in this Enterprize: I think the *Cevennois* have finely drawn in his Men, when they have drawn their Souls from their Bodies. One would believe that *Lewis* the 14th wanted no Men to Recruit his Troops in *Flanders*, on the

Rhine

Rhine, and in *Italy*, when he can ſpare ſo many Thouſands to have their Brains Beat out in a Politick Experiment: The Marſhal *Montrevel* and his Cut-Throats are little Beholden to their Tyrant for making them the Operators of his Politick Experiments. If he himſelf has raiſed this Mountain Devil in the *Cevennes*, I believe he'll hardly be able to lay him again by the Aſſiſtance of his Witch *Maintenon*, and the whole Colledge of *Jeſuits*, of which he's a Member. His wonderful Succeſs againſt thoſe People has not yet been the occaſion of one *Te Deum*: I don't think *Lewis* the 14th has neglected this Rejoicing, becauſe he's grown Modeſt; he's as Impudent as ever, and can Mock God, and Lye to Man as formerly; But his People, are better Informed of this Buſineſs than of other Actions of his Army, and cannot be ſo eaſily deceived in matters where they hold a Correſpondence themſelves. Without Doubt he had rejoic'd for the Deſtruction of his Fleet at *Vigo*, had not ſo many of his Sailors returned to *France* to have given him the Lie. He's certainly the Merrieſt Monarch in the Univerſe, He Laughs on all occaſions. If he be Beaten he Whiſtles, and if he Conquers he Sings; let the Actions of his Army Riſe or Fall, 'tis all one to Him, the Fiddles are ſtill at Work.

But our *Jacks* and *High-Flyers* in *England* are the Braveſt Fellows in the World, who can get aſtride ſuch monſtrous Whims, and being Armed with Imaginary Weapons, can take ſuch mighty Caſtles in the Air: They are the moſt governable Creatures to their own Deſtruction. A Prieſt with a Twine Thread can lead them over all the Barriers of Senſe and Reaſon. If their Pockets are never ſo empty, they are ſtill full of hopes of they know not what, and can live as well upon the Smell of a *Welſh* Leek, as a *French Vaſſal* can upon Garlick and Brown Bread: they can pleaſe themſelves to talk of the abundance of Larks they ſhall have, when the Sky happens to fall, and what fine Sauce they'll make for the Hare when they have caught her. They are as great as Lords already in the very thoughts of what *Stars* and *Garters* will fall to their Share when *little Maſter* ſhall be what they would have him; theſe Men are really to be Pitied were they not Miſchievous in their Frenzy —— But, *Honeſt Country man*, I can tell you, had you ſtaid at *London* till *Sunday* Morning you had met with a fine Fighting Story, which I have here ſent me in the *French* Slip. The Mareſchal *de Tallard* has vigorouſly Attack'd the Confederate Lines with the beſt Troops he could pick for that Service, but the *Germans* with 15 Battalions of the *Dutch* gave them a warm Reception; the Action laſted till Night, and the *French* not being well pleas'd with their Supper, were reſolved to make it up at Breakfaſt the next Morning, and ſo came down again upon the Lines with their whole Army in Batalia, and renewed the Fight, but to no Purpoſe; The Confederates ſtood like a Rock; and tho' the *French* made their utmoſt Effort, they could not gain one Inch of Ground; ſo they retired to their Camp, Cannonading as they March'd: But thinking themſelves not ſafe there, they broke up in the Night, and the *Germans* are now in Poſſeſſion of their Camp. The brave General Prince *Lewis* of *Baden* ſuſtain'd the Lines in Perſon in every one of the Enemies Attacks. The *Dutch* Battalions did Singular Service, and their General in his Letter to the States aſſures them they have not loſt above an Hundred Men of their Forces. The *French* have loſt at leaſt 6000 Men; but this Account being written as ſoon as the Action was over, we muſt wait for the Particulars. The Queen had an Expreſs hereof, and the great Guns at *Weſtminſter*, and the *Tower* were fired on this occaſion in the Afternoon, therefore Pray remember to bring me in the Queens Gazette on *Monday*.

Country-m. I proteſt Mr. *Obſervator* (this) makes me ſcratch where it do's not bite. I have a good Mind to take my Horſe and go to *London* on purpoſe: I long to ſee how the *Jacks* and *High-Flyers* look at this News; thoſe People on *Fryday* and *Saturday* laſt were poſitive the *French* had join'd the Elector of *Bavaria*, and expected by the next Poſt to hear they had inveſted *Vienna*. The *French* King muſt ſing *Te Deum* on this occaſion or all the Fat's in the Fire. Methinks I hear the *Hawkers* at *London* bawling along the Streets, ſtrange News, true News, bloody News, great News from Prince *Lewis* of *Baden*. Thoſe People refreſh my Spirits wonderfully, methinks they ſing better than the *Ballad-Singers*, and make more Melody than all the Fidlers in *Chriſtendom*, The *Jacks* ſtop their Ears as they run along the Streets becauſe they won't hear 'em; I am quite out Patience, I ſhall not ſleep to Night for Dreaming of this Action.

Obſ. I am very eaſie now I have received this Account, tho' the particulars will be welcome at any time. Not only the Fate of this Campaign, but the Fate of the Confederated Powers of *Europe* depended on this very Action. For could the *French* have joyned the Elector of *Bavaria*, the Circles muſt then have embrac'd Neutrality; the whole Empire had been laid under Contribution; *Vienna* it ſelf could not have withſtood ſo mighty a force: The War in *Italy* muſt have dropt of Courſe; and the next Year the whole Power of *France* would have been employ'd againſt the Low Countries and they might have been able once more to enquire the way to *Amſterdam*. Upon this happy Succeſs, the contrary effects will prove Diſmal to the *French*, and particulary to the Treacherous Deſerter, the Elector of *Bavaria*, who is at this time between the Armies of *Schlick* and *Styrum*, which now may be Supported by that of Prince *Lewis*. *Tallards* Army is in a bad Condition, and He muſt diſcount the Duke of *Marlborough*, as ſoon as *Bon* is taken. But what is more Material than all this, The Conjunction of the *French* and *Bavarians* having been not only the chief Dependance of the *French*, but the Subject of their Boaſts and Threats, and it having been what the Confederates moſt dreaded and feared: By this Action One is Encouraged, and the Other Diſpirited, which at any time is more than half the Battel.

Yeſterday was Publiſhed

Mirth and Wiſdom, in a Miſcellany of Different Characters, relating to Different Perſons, and Perſwaſions. Of a Presbyterian, or, a Female Hypocrite. A Beau. A Whig. A Lawyers Clerk, or a *Pot Poet*. An *Attorney*. A Detracter. A Bowling-Green. A *Surgeon*. A Player. A *Tavern*. A Cocquet. A *Pinners-Hall* Text-Driver. A Sanctify'd Dun, or a *Cruel Creditor*. A Bailiff's Follower. An Exchange. *Will's* Coffee-Houſe, a Wit. A *Flatterer*. A *High-Flyer*. A *Drunkard*. A *Priſon*. A *Courtier*. A Host, or ſome *Bar-keeper*: A Young Rake, A *Whore-Maſter*. A *Pretender* to *Learning*: A Tobacconiſt: An *Upſtart Squire*, a *Country* Juſtice: A Sceptick in Religion: A Scandalous Member: *Price* 6*d*: Sold by *B*: Bragg, in *Avemary-Lane*, *Ludgate-Street*.

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